

Good Morning

S4

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Reapers . . .

Only reapers, reaping early,
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot.

The Lady of Shalott.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

By
AL MALE

Great men are never great,
Small men are never small.

HAD I been capable of writing that well-known Chinese proverb I would certainly have said, "Great men are never great—naturally; but small men are most certainly never small."

The other day, no less a personality than General Montgomery, Commander of the Eighth Army, found time, in the midst of all his great responsibilities, to reply to two letters from the mothers of two perfectly ordinary soldiers, who had written him, wishing him luck.

Admitting that the practice might lead to a super-film-star fan mail of autograph hunters, and so become a general nuisance, in both senses, one cannot help admiring the greatness of a man in such an exalted position, who can not only recognise sincerity, but can appreciate and acknowledge it.

I have quoted General Montgomery, of course, because he is, at the moment, pinnacle high in the public estimation. . . . The greatest man in history—surely Christ Himself—was the perfect example of the truth of the proverb.

Do I need to point out the amazing number of "small" men (not physically, either) who are so dazzled by the brilliance of their imagined importance that they go all out to make difficult the lives of those whom a lucky stripe, or a favoured "break," has placed, for the time being, under their control?

After all, most people want very little out of life . . . to be left alone to get on with the business of living is their main desire.

A few years ago a number of well-known actresses and actors were asked what they wanted from life.

Their replies, put briefly, are interesting.

Gracie Fields said: "I want to do nowt, but whenever I've gone for a higher job which I thought was easier, I've always found it was harder still."

Sir Cedric Hardwicke had this idea. "I want," he said, "to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," and ended by saying: "If, by my efforts in the theatre, the theatre continues its gradual advancement as a social, economic and national asset, I shall be satisfied."

Seymour Hicks had no illusions. "I want naturalness," he stated. "Let's all start afresh, level, genuine, honest and authentic, and for God's sake let's try to remember that, old school tie or no old school tie, we shall all smell alike in our coffins."

Gertrude Lawrence wanted happy recollections. "I want to remember," she said, "and at the end I want to be like the dying French marquise, who settled herself in her pillows, crossed her ivory hands on her breast, and sighed, 'Well, it'll all be very interesting.'"

And I think Leslie Henson had a perfectly natural desire when he said: "I want to keep healthy . . . a judicious mixture of eating, sleeping, and golf, nibble and niblick, bunk and bunker, and I'm ready for anything Life cares to send along."

Now, to my mind, not one of those people had ideas which you could possibly call outrageous . . . they wished just what you and I might have done . . . their desires were perfectly normal.

Great wealth didn't seem to come into the scheme of things . . . anyway, if you die a millionaire, you leave MUCH to be desired . . . so what?

And if you die for your ideals . . . they may be ideal, or they may be just stupid, and not worth the sacrifice.

Like the American jay-walker whose epitaph read:—

Here lies the body of Jonathan Jay,
Who died defending his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he walked along,
But he's just as dead as if he was wrong.

Well, well, we are getting morbid.

Why worry? Remember the lady who had been operated on for appendicitis. As soon as she recovered from the effects of the ether she called for the doctor. "Doctor," she said, in a voice brimful of anxiety, "do you think the scar will show?"

"It shouldn't," was the answer. But, touching the subject of worry, I've an idea that something in the nature of a number one size packet is coming this way.

One of these fine days . . . do you remember last summer? Ha, ha! . . . you chaps are going to bombard my chief with queries, complaints, requests, and what-have-you, and I have decided to go right into training for the assault.

Anticipating some smart leg-pulls in the mail-bag, I herewith let you have replies in advance . . . don't mention it . . . we always deliver the goods first . . . as the wife used to say when she let fly a pre-argument left (yes . . . I ought to have known better . . . but it was years later that I met the smart Alec who swanked that "he planted his nose a lovely crack, right on his wife's fist"), so here goes.

To "Torps."—Yes, my boy, an "all-in" wrestler is out when he's "all-in."

Adonis.—We appreciate your request, but, having mislaid out Blonde Directory, we cannot help you whoop-up your leave. . . . In any case, we found most of the numbers phoney.

A.B. Byron.—Thanks for the poem . . . but don't tell us you joined the submarines to do a spot of deep thinking.

Grouser.—Sorry, but we also have our troubles. You're not alone . . . dentists usually live from hand to mouth.

That's enough for now.

And, by the way, please note, the ideal letter is one which never asks absurd questions . . . never gives unanswerable problems . . . and IS NEVER POSTED.

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

Food For Thought

Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the King, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs.

Thos. Cardinal Wolsey, 1475-1530.

For when the One Great Scorer comes,
To write against your name,
He marks—not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

Grantland Rice.

Physicians of all men are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

Francis Quarles, 1592-1644.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

Milton.



Salute the Cannibal Flag

By STUART MARTIN

SUPPOSING you made out through your periscope a flag bearing the design (in colour) of a white man coming to the boil in a stewpot with a circle of cannibals sitting around patiently waiting for the dinner going to go—what would you signal back?

Not that you are likely to see such a flag; but if the desires of a native Chief in Africa had been fulfilled you might have seen it—if you had steamed up an African river.

This Chief sent a request some time ago to a flag factory near London to the above effect. He ruled a tribe allegedly woeful from cannibalism, and he wanted

the flag to be "historically correct."

Well, he didn't get the flag. There are limits. Besides, who was to deliver it? And supposing someone did deliver it, what if the Chief, suffering from indigestion, didn't like it and got short-tempered?

Tested Again and Again

The flag-makers sent him another kind of flag, and, fortunately, he was pleased.

The flag-making business is more than interesting, and is one of the unusual jobs one hears little about. Every flag you submarine men hoist has

to be tested again and again before it comes into your flag-locker.

The Admiralty has its own ways of strengthening its flags. One of them is to run a special warp through the bunting every six inches. The extra warp also acts as a kind of Government stamp; and the bunting used in all Admiralty flags is of the finest quality possible. It is "open" texture, so that the wind can pass through it easily. If it wasn't "open" the flags would be blown to rags very soon.

At the factory where I saw them making flags I dis-

covered there are three ways of making flags. The designs may be painted in oils, or printed by colour dyes, or they may be cut out of coloured bunting and sewn into position.

Usually Union Jacks, White Ensigns and other flags of straightforward design are made by the cutting-out method. Intricate designs, such as lions and crowns of the Royal Standards, the flag of Ceylon, and those of shipping companies, are sewn to the main body; but the bunting at the back has to be cut away so that the designs show through.

Strange Requests

Before the war orders to the factory came from all over the world. There are some queer requests from dusky potentates. Besides that stew-pot one, came an order from a polygamous ruler who wanted his portrait and those of his many wives on his flag; and he added that he would like the pictures of the father and grandfather, too, in order to prove that he was of royal blood.

As nobody had ever seen his father or grandfather, and not many had seen his wives, he had to go without.

Flags Unlimited

The number of flags required by civilisation is staggering. There are Army flags, R.A.F. flags, Naval flags galore. There are flags for all the Indian princes and for every member of the British Royal Family. Every ship sailing under Admiralty orders must have two sets of signal flags. There are over eighty in each set.

Flags have often been sent to foreign ports to replace old and worn-out flags. The Queen Mary, for instance, needed flags before the outbreak of war. Sets were sent to New York and were picked up there by her commander.



SUNDAY FARE

Take a Tip—with C. B. Westall

CRIBBAGE

Most of the skill in cribbage is in the discarding, although, especially at four-handed crib, there are a lot of points to be picked up by the play of the hand. For the tips I am giving you to-day, however, I am choosing six card two-handed cribbage.

Now, it is much easier to discard when it is your crib than when it is the other fellow's, so in the following example we will take it that it is your opponent's crib:—

1 S. K 7 H. Q	D. J 10	C. A
2 S. 5 H. 9 6	D. 6 3	C. 6
3 S. 4 3 H. Q 10	D. J 2	C. None
4 S. 8 7 H. 9 7	D. 5	C. 5
5 S. J 7 H. J	D. J 5	C. 7

In the case of 1, the two cards to discard are the K. 7. If the turn-up is a four it will pay you, and if a Queen, Jack or Ten, you will only stand to lose two points, which you may well pick up on the play.

2. Discard the S. 5 and H. 9. It is tempting to keep the five and three sixes, but the odds a four turning up are too great.

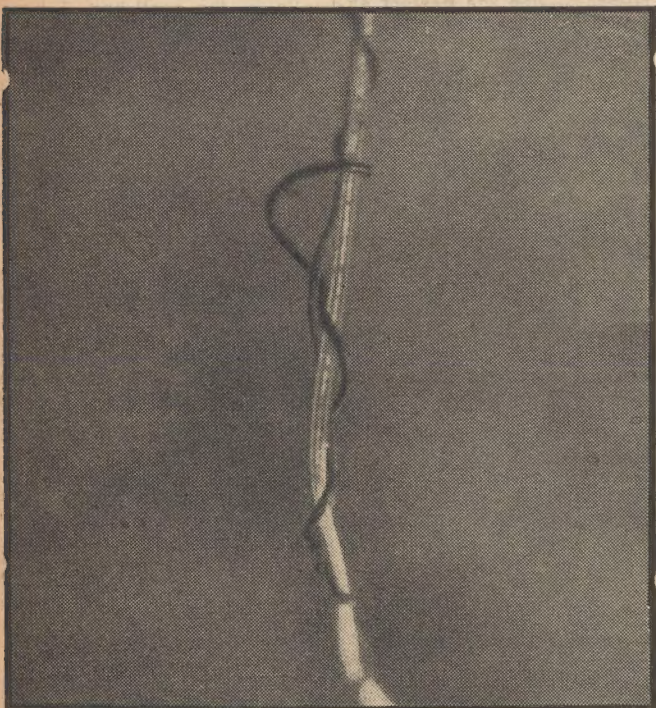
3. Discard H. Q 10. Always choose a little run rather than a big one.

4. A nasty hand to discard but the least damage is done by discarding S. 8 and H. 9. Although the double run is tempting, it's too risky.

5. Another brick, but this time you must chance your arm and discard the two sevens.

WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue (S. 3) was a cigarette end.

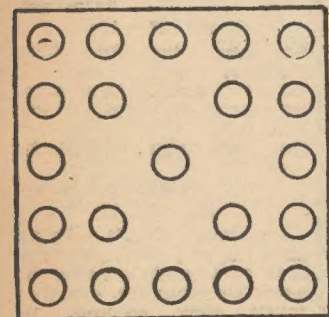


HEARD THESE?

"Ain't this black-out orful," complained the unpopular Mrs. Jones to her neighbour.

"I shouldn't bother, dearie," sweetly replied Mrs. Smith. "After a time you'll be able to see just like the other cats."

ONLY 3 LETTERS



'SEASY.

Only THREE different letters required. Fill in the 21 circles with only three different letters of the alphabet, arranging them so that they spell a familiar five-letter word in 12 different directions.

Solution in next Sunday's issue, S. 5.

Dad: "I'm not at all pleased with your report."

Son: "I told teacher you wouldn't be, dad, but she would send it."

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Corporal Jones had really done a good job of work. The sergeant even praised it.

But a week of Corporal Jones praising it as well fed "A Company" up to the teeth.

So one morning Corporal Jones received a telegram: "Congratulations.—George, R.I."

He purred. Came a second telegram: "The Army is proud of you.—Gort."

His chest expanded another inch. It was a third telegram, three days later, that made him see the light. It read: "For Heaven's sake turn neutral.—Hitler."

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Teacher: "Give me a sentence with 'writhe' in it."

Boy: "I writhe every morning at theven o'clock."

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Teacher (to Jimmie, who has fallen down): "Come, Jimmie, even if you hurt yourself, you shouldn't cry."

Jimmie (angrily): "Wot's crying for, then?"

Three Minute Thriller

The Chief Agent

By NIGEL MORLAND

AN informer, that foundation of so much police work, had talked, and Scotland Yard had hurtled into action with its full resources.

The catch from the underworld was sorted and Hans the Sailor came before Mrs. Pym. Her stern face was pitiless, and even the usually fearless Hans hesitated—Scotland Yard's only woman executive had a notable reputation for getting results.

Hans was a professional killer, a German long resident in London. In war-time there is no call for orthodoxy when danger threatens; Mrs. Pym knew Hans's notoriety, and so, with the help of her assistant, Chief Detective-Inspector Shott, the ex-sailor was made to talk. His confession shocked even Mrs. Pym.

"I was to be in Downing Street to-morrow," Hans's English was perfect, but he spoke hesitantly, for he had been hurt. "I am to shoot one of the War Council after the big meeting."

"And you'll do it, eh?" Mrs. Pym sniffed, to hide her perturbation. "Which one?"

"I don't know yet. I am to be in the Roxy Hotel lobby to-night at eight. I am to be given the name by the Chief Agent in person."

The Chief Agent! Scotland Yard was in a state of excitement after that. The Chief Agent—Nazi Spy No. 1—was being sought over the whole country. And apparently he proposed to appear in the always crowded Roxy lobby to give Hans the name of his exalted and intended victim. It was a brilliant cover-up by an agent who had contacted Hans and hidden his trail well.

That evening Mrs. Pym played the game in her own way. Hans, in defiance of all orthodox police regulations, was placed in a chair in the Roxy lobby and she sat near him, a gun hidden behind her newspaper. Her stolid, indifferently dressed figure suggested an unattached maiden lady rather than Britain's greatest police officer, with, possibly, the fate of a nation in her capable hands.

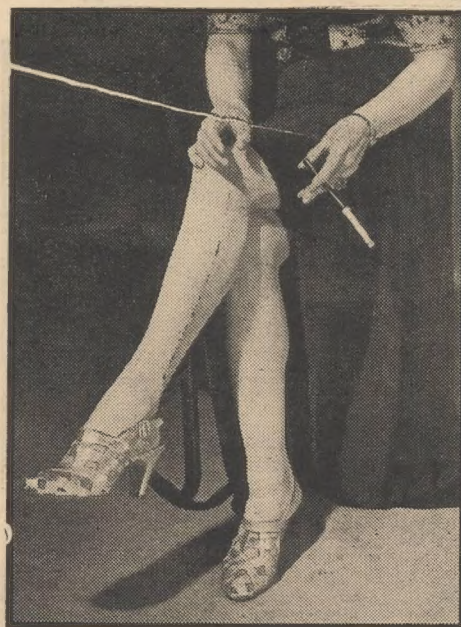
The people in the lobby chairs seemed innocent enough. There was an old man with a

mild face: a lovely girl with her silken-hosed legs provocatively crossed; a stout, odd-looking woman in black—but Mrs. Pym's eyes had narrowed after her scrutiny.

As she stood up, half the many male idlers closed in. Hans was secured again, and Mrs. Pym was beside the girl, who looked up from her book in surprise at a threatening gun.

Mrs. Pym's voice was very soft. "The Chief Agent, eh? Come along; we want you, my girl."

(What gave Mrs. Pym the answer? Turn to Page 3.)



"Provocatively crossed"

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained:
know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes, or when
she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this
deed for me."
James Russell Lowell.

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Every reform was once a private opinion, and when it shall be a private opinion again it will solve the problem of the age.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Hobbies for Submariners

Plastic Modelling—No. 3

YOU remember, in our last Sunday feature on this subject, we talked of cutting away the material in modelling, rather than of adding or building up.

Here is a relief map of an imaginary section of coast, with a village behind a range of Downs, a river running through it, and a section of railway shown on the farther edge.

This model, by the author, is made in fire cement, with a few pieces of coke to act as cores for the high ground, the rocks and the cliffs abutting on the beach.

Air Dried

The entire map is on a base of building board measuring approximately 18 inches by 22 inches, and was completed in a series of evenings, a section at a time. By the time each successive session was begun, the modelling done the previous evening had set hard, by the normal process of air drying.

When completed the model was sized and painted natural colours in water-colour paints.

Beyond the ordinary pen-knife, the only tool used was one made in a few minutes from a stick of wood. One end was shaped to a narrow rectangle for the purpose of impressing in the soft cement the roads leading to the town and the streets through it. The other end was a "V" shaped cut, which was used to mould the roofs of the houses by impressing it upon the mass of

cement, which was so modelled to form the town, church, farm, etc.

Nothing was Planned in Advance

No drawings or plans were made for this map, although you might find it easier to work to some rough arrangement. The object was to get as many natural and man-made features into this strip of country as possible to exercise the minds of Home Guards about invasion tactics, and a beginning was made with the coast line.

The Method

The strip of pieces of coke forming the core of the cliffs was first cemented to the building board by diluting the fire cement with water to the consistency of mortar. When these were set, the fire cement in its ordinary, putty-like consistency was plastered on it to form the cliffs facing seaward, and the gentler slopes of the Downs sloping inland.

The contours further inland were built up over smaller pieces of coke in a similar way,

and a thickness of about 1 in. of the cement spread over the entire surface of the map between these contours. It is necessary to damp the base before the fire cement will adhere.

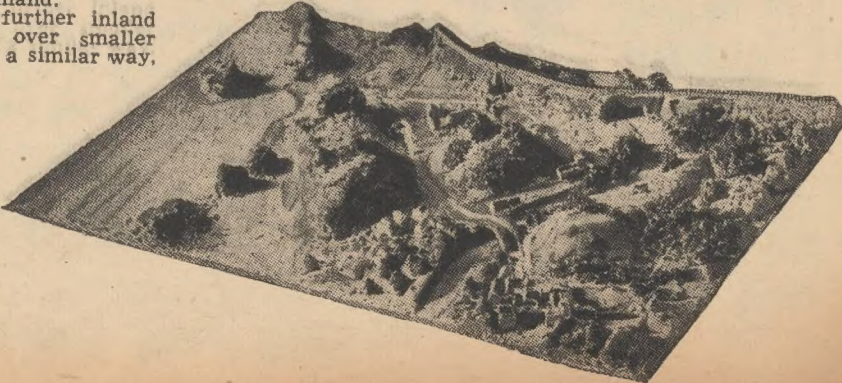
Making the Town

The site of the town, with the river cut away between the two halves, was spread with cement to a depth of nearly 3/4 in., and the roofs of the houses, etc., at impressed with the moulding tool described previously. Between these blocks of roofs the streets were then impressed with the rectangular end of the same tool, and smoothed over with the same tool dipped in water.

Trees were made in the cement before it was set by using a needle point dipped in water, working up the cement towards a centre of the tree or clump of trees. When dried hard, sized and painted these trees look quite natural.

If you model in fire cement, never be in a hurry to paint your model until it is thoroughly dried out. There is a lot of natural moisture in it, and the drying out process should be completed before size and colour are applied.

View of the fire-cement relief map, modelled on building board base and painted with water-colours.



ODD CORNER

Not long ago, the main-line trains in Styria, Austria, were held up for many hours by caterpillars. Millions of the insects swarmed over the lines, and the engine wheels were unable to get a grip.

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In 1937 a shoal of jellyfish estimated to weigh 100,000 tons held up the 5,242-ton liner, "Dromore Castle," at Durban. They choked up the suction pipe supplying the engines with water, and were only cleared by using a tug's propeller as a sort of vacuum cleaner.

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Traffic was held up at a London station in 1936 by an earwig. It had got into the signalling system and short-circuited the current. In Mexico, three people were killed in a train accident resulting from a white signal lamp being covered with a swarm of red-coloured insects.

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The big water-driven clock on the Town Hall of Bay City, Michigan, was once stopped by a small fish in the pipes, but when our own Big Ben struck forty-nine continuously it was found that a rat had built a nest in the striking mechanism.

Education Made Easy

Who was Neptune?—He was the sea god. Like so many of the pagan gods, his life is hardly a suitable subject for study by the earnest young seaman. Amongst other things, an ancient Roman writer says that he was guilty of the most indiscreet conduct with Mediterranean mermaids.

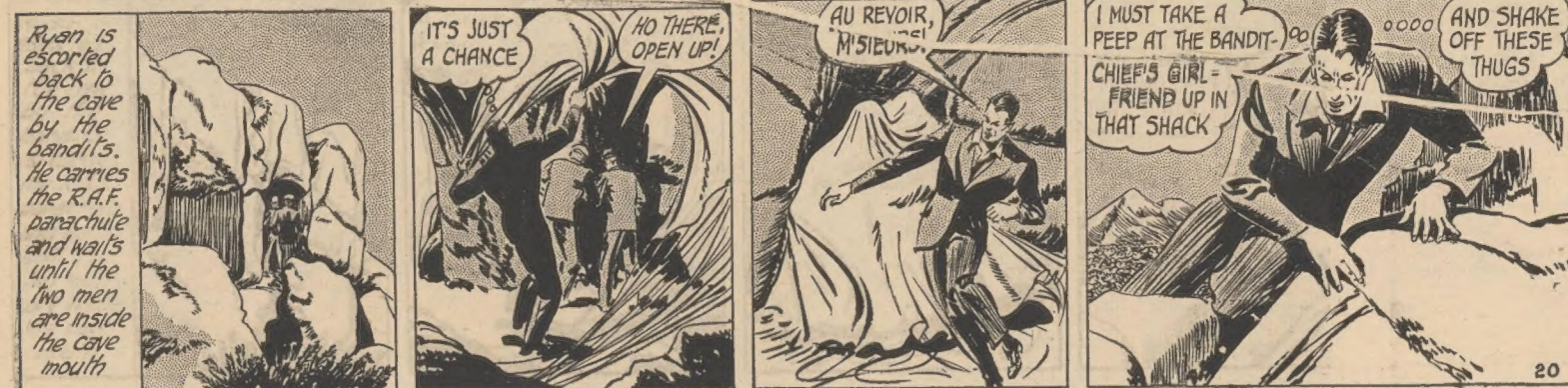
Who was Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald?—A brilliant naval officer. Dismissed from the Royal Navy, he commanded in succession the navies of Chile, Brazil and Greece. Reinstated in the Royal Navy, he eventually became an Admiral. He is best known to fame, however, as the originator of "Cochrane's young ladies."

Who was the "Saviour of the Navy"?—There are different opinions on this. One should study the lives of the following and draw one's own conclusions: Alfred the Great, Samuel Pepys, Henry Eighth, Drake, Hawkins, Miss Weston, and Noel Coward.

Who was Tom Bowling?—Originally a Wop, Tom Bola. Became too popular in the Navy. Changed his name to Bowling, but still retained his fascination for his comrades. So much so that a poet described him as "the darling of our crew." In his old age became very feeble, and was generally known as "a sheer hulk."

Who wrote "Show Boat"?—Purcell, of course. It was composed in the days when some naval officers were supposed to regard paint as more important than gunnery. It was dedicated to Lord C—s B—d by special request of Sir P—y S—t.

BUCK RYAN



SEA!!

Can You Explain It?

STRANGE things happen at sea. Maybe you have had some apparently inexplicable experiences. If you have, write and tell us.

For a start, can any of you explain the following queer happenings of recent date?

The steersman of a craft on the mine-sweeping business was lashed to the wheel. A wild beam sea was tumbling behind them and the boat was doing everything but stand on her head. It took the steersman all his time to hold her down—until a thrashing sea broke over him and the after-deck. He was brown off the wheel.

As he crawled back to it, he saw a strange thing. With the sea pouring under her quarter, the wheel should have been spinning round. It wasn't. It held firm and steady, as if the steersman was on the job! Yet when he gripped the spokes he KNEW that some force had held the wheel in position and saved the ship from lying down and dying.

Second Queer Thing concerns an R.A.F. pilot. He was out about 500 miles over the Atlantic from Scotland when he received warning of bad weather coming. He turned for his base.

But he hadn't flown far when he ran into everything—hail, snow, sleet, driving rain. His radio was carried away. He flew on blindly.

He had about a half-gallon of fuel left when he realised that it meant the finish.

At that moment he glimpsed below a patch of something in the blinding storm. Only a second's glimpse, then he was past it. He flew on, swung round, but there was no patch now. He was getting the dinghy out when he wondered if it was worth while.

He dropped his undercarriage as if to land. He didn't know why he landed. "Something" made him do it.

He landed in a bog, got out, and with his crew did the necessary things to his instruments when he heard voices. Somebody was calling—but not British voices.

Out of the driving fog a man, with others, stepped, peered at the airman, and then said, "Fancy meeting you like this!"

The speaker was Compton Mackenzie, famous novelist. The place was the island of Barra, where he lives. They speak Gaelic there. And the airman had landed on a cliff edge with only a few feet from death.

Third Queer Thing. In the West Indies a schooner was off the island of Saba. Dawn was breaking—nearly. The look-out reported a man walking on the sea.

The skipper thought the look-out was dreaming—until he looked and saw the man. They hailed the walker. But, as they hailed, the figure vanished. Just disappeared.

Later, at Saba, the skipper was told: "That would be Jim Tork. He is a somnambulist, and has been seen like that. But he always gets back to his bed by dawn!"

Solution to—

3-Minute Thriller

Mrs. Pym explained to a select gathering of officials at Scotland Yard.

"Grisl von Rath is the Chief Agent, right enough. She knew the first thing a man would look at would be a pretty girl's legs. And Hans was a sailor. Her stockings were embroidered with clocks in a contrasting shade which gave a message in Morse."

She pointed to a silk stocking on the desk, where the neat message could be distinguished:

"Get it, gentlemen? 'Aintree,' head of our General Staff, and a murder that might have lost us the war." Mrs. Pym nodded complacently.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"Steady chaps—a woman once chased me, and look at me now!"



GOOSE GIRL

Surely this picture is a photographic illustration of Hans Andersen's "Goose Girl," with all the mythical atmosphere captured by the camera artist. You can imagine how the geese hesitated before the break in the bushes, undecided what to do. Then, as the "Goose Girl" shoots them forward, there is confusion, and hot dust rises to form a misty background to her silhouette. The faltering ones are almost crushed beneath the onslaught, as the flock frantically press forward.

A Crown for a Queen



In the Spring, even the very-young man's fancy apparently turns to thoughts of Love. Only natural, then, that he should take her into the meadow and bestow on her a crown bejewelled with wild flowers.

SHORE LEAVE



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Come on sister, I got ashore just before you docked!"



"No matter how I try to do the Garbo Act—it seems I can never be 'alone.'"